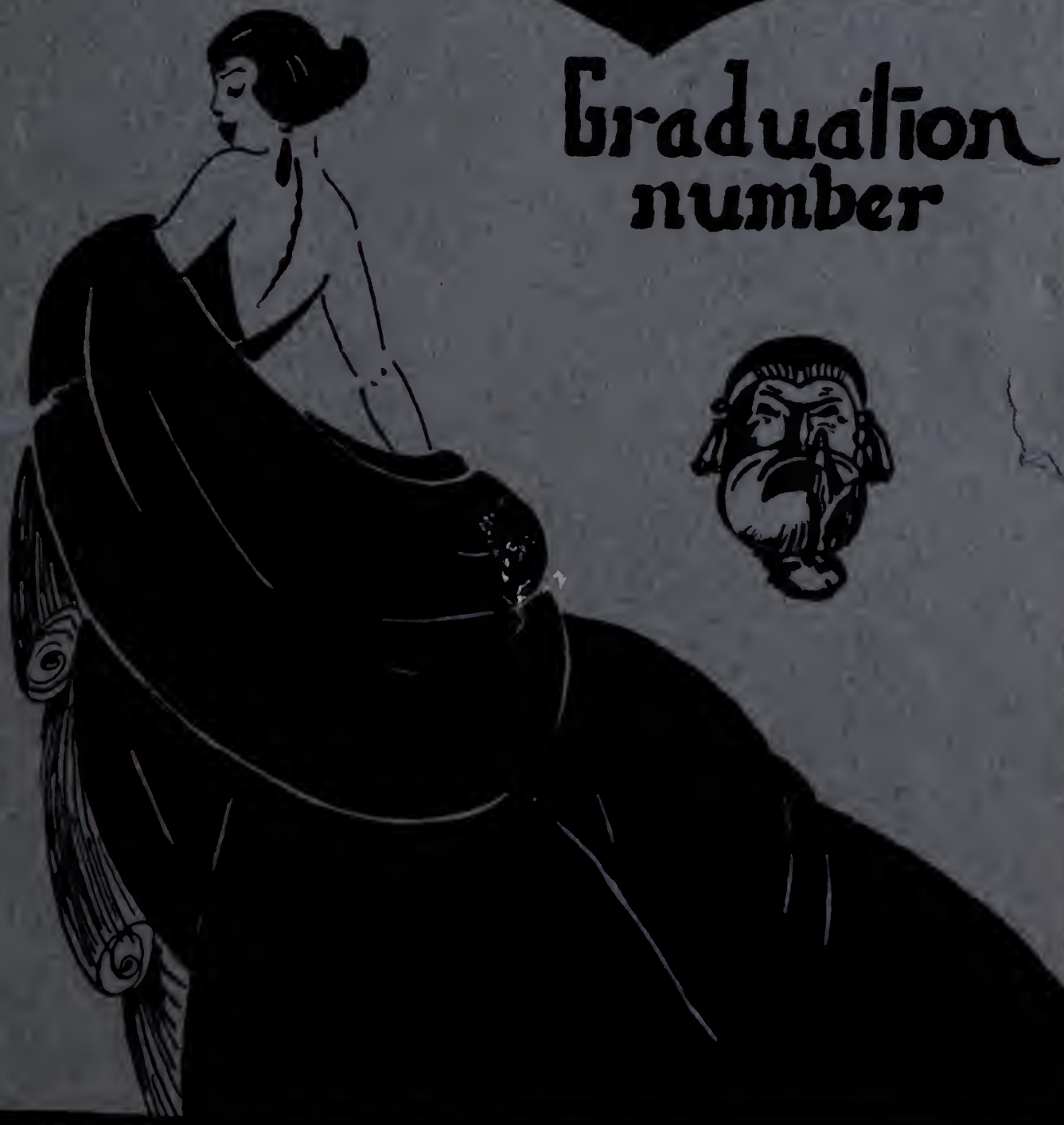


19 2 3

The ECHO

Graduation
number



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T. 2-3





This makes the second issue that has ever been issued by the Sumner High School paper, the "Echo," and the first one by this years' board.

The one issued last year was a fine paper, considering it the first one ever issued by the Sumner High School. It showed a lot of thought and effort on the part of the students that helped it to be a success.

This year we are trying to sustain the standard it has set and also to improve upon it.

We wish to thank all schools who have helped to make our paper a success through exchanges and we would be glad to make exchanges with any others.

We have received papers from the following schools: Quincy, Stoughton, Taunton, Malden and Milton.

Quincy: The Golden Rod is a fine paper. It is arranged in good order. Your athletics have a strong showing. Your cuts and headings are good. We think if you put in a few poems and stories it would improve the paper.

Stoughton: The Semaphore is a good weekly paper. But we think you would improve it by having a poetry editor and putting in a poem or two each issue. If you put in a cut or two it would help the appearance of the paper.

Taunton: The Tauntonian is a newspaper and considering so you have done well. The paper shows effort and interest on the part of the students. If you put in a cut or two we think it would improve your paper in general appearances.

Malden: The Blue and Gold is a good snappy paper. You have a strong showing in athletics. Did you ever think of having an Alumni editor?

Milton: The Unquity Echo Echo is an excellent paper; in fact we think it is as good as, if not the best, paper we have received.

It is well arranged and your cuts are fine. You have a good showing in everything except poems. Did you ever think of having a poetry editor?

Literature

A Christmas on the Prairie.

It was two days before Christmas in a little sod cabin on the prairie and Christmas was a dreary outlook for the inhabitants of the homestead on the wide and seemingly endless prairie, broken only here and there by a homesteader's cabin.

Jean and her mother and two younger brothers were trying to keep the land and cabin, for they were homesteaders; it was a hard fight and against odds that would dishearten many other people. When Jean was twelve she with her mother and father and brothers had sold most of their possessions and come to this place to see if they could not possibly cure her father of the dreaded lung disease, which, if he was not properly cared for would result in his death. To Jean's mother it meant giving up everything that meant happiness, but her love for her husband conquered that.

They had been there two years when Jean's father had died, leaving Jean and her mother to do the heavy farm work alone. Jean at that time was almost fourteen so she persuaded her mother to stay there and not give up their only home which represented all the money and all their possessions.

Over three years had passed and Jean was now seventeen and her brothers were able to help with the work which made things much easier for Jean.

The first of the year had been a hard one; the crops did not turn out well, but their saving Grace was the pigs which Jean took to the neighboring town and sold. But in the next two years they were still more successful for both years their crops had done well and they had been able to sell their cattle and buy two horses

which would greatly help in doing farm work. They had plenty to eat and warm clothes to wear and they were able to afford a few luxuries.

Everything had gone along finely for the first real Christmas the boys had known since they had come there but now Mother was sick and it meant a half day's riding to fetch the doctor in the nearest town and do the errands she knew must be done.

Her mother persuaded her to go to the town so the next morning as soon as it was light she saddled her horse and left. Three hours later the doctor was on his way to her mother and Jean was buying food enough to last them over the holiday so they would not have to break into the store they had laid away for the time when she would not be able to reach town because of the snow. She hurried around and bought some as her mother had told her to, even though she was ill. She bought some toys, as well as useful things because she knew her mother would wish her to. Last of all she visited a furniture store and bought a rug, some chairs and a couch, and other small articles which she knew her mother would be pleased with. These were bought with her own savings which she had accumulated in her three years' work. All these she arranged to be taken home in a buckboard which would arrive soon after she reached home.

When she reached home she found her mother was seriously ill but with the proper care would soon be on the road to recovery. The doctor arranged for a woman to care for her until Jean would be able to do it.

That evening when all the work was done and the boys had gone to bed she brought in a small tree and

trimmed it. Then she got the presents she had bought for them and tied them on it. Then she arranged the furniture and articles she had bought in the little living room. These things made the house seem much more homelike.

The next morning when the boys awoke they were overjoyed at the looks of the little room. It was different from what they had ever known, for ever since they had been old enough to realize things they had seen only a few pieces of furniture which did not make the room very cozy and inviting.

After breakfast, when the morning's work was finished and the dinner ready to put into the oven they all gathered around their mother's bed while Jean and her mother told them of the Birth of Christ, the Old Story which is told in the Bible, then Jean's mother told them of the many pretty customs carried out in different countries. To Jean it was the happiest Christmas she had ever known, why? Because she had done something for others, to make their lives bright. Surely the spirit of Christmas can be brought to anyone, anywhere.

Peace on earth Good Will towards Men!

M. P., '26.

The Mountain Rider

It was a cool, clear night in November, the moon was at its height, the clear outline of the mountains stood out against the moon-lit sky.

At the foot of this mountain stood a lone cabin which housed a lonely old man.

As he sat at his cabin gazing sorrowfully at the mountain tops, he gave a low cry, for clearly against the sky, at the very peak of the mountain, there stood like a statue, a horse and rider.

They remained motionless until the first streak of dawn. Then as the old man watched eagerly, he saw the horse and rider slowly turn away.

The old man, whose name was Hezzy, watched night after night for the rider, but he did not come.

At last a month later on a moon-lit night, Hezzy was again at his cabin door gazing at the clear mountain tops when upon his gaze flashed the rider going at full speed against the sky. When he reached the peak, he dismounted and stood by his horse until dawn.

This strange occurrence continued for some months and the stars and moon watched over Hezzy for another year.

A year from that memorable night, Hezzy was again watching, for may it be known, Hezzy once had an adventurous son who left the cabin at the age of twelve and had crossed the mountains, so Hezzy was always watching for his return.

When the horse and rider came to the mountain Hezzy would watch more anxiously for his son to come back to him.

The rider came one night before the moon rose and gazed, it seemed, at the sky, but at the stroke of twelve he turned his horse on the trail leading to the cabin. Hezzy watched this action with his heart beating high in his breast.

At last! The rider has alighted at Hezzy's door, and as Hezzy looks at this strong young man with smiling lips, and eyes, he came up to Hezzy and knelt before him.

Was it possible, that after all these years his son had returned to him to care for him in his old age? Yes, Hezzy was bidding the young man to rise. He had him by the hand and was blessing his safe return and as the years went by, old Hezzy and David lived in the little cabin at the foot of the mountain and watched for the moon to rise behind the peak and bless the One who sent David to his father, safely.

H. B., '26.

Bob Remembered.

The conductor on the train had just entered and announced the next stop to be Graftonville. Bob Meredith picked up his suitcase and was among the first to alight from the train.

Old Mr. Morris was just about ready to start off with his sleigh when he saw Bob. "Hello, Mr. Meredith, how be ye? Ain't seen you for a long time. Be ye going up by Meadowdale?"

Bob was only too glad of the offer, so promptly replied, "Thank you, Mr. Morris. I'm going right up to the old homestead." They both were seated comfortably in the sleigh with a large blanket over their feet. The ride was over a mile and the air was bitter cold.

The conversation consisted mostly of questions asked by Mr. Morris and replies by Bob. Mr. Morris brought him up to his old home and after reminding him not to forget to come and see Miranda and himself, he departed.

Bob took the suitcase and ran up the long path leading to the little colonial house. He opened the door and was met by a little old woman all in gray. Her hair was gray and her eyes had a twinkle of supreme happiness in them.

"Hello, Mother," and with a sweep she was off her feet and in his arms. The suitcase was thrown neglected into the corner. When he had embraced her quite enough they went arm in arm into the cheerful little living room.

Soon they were both seated comfortably in front of the fireplace. Mrs. Meredith was taken by surprise at her son's arrival and was more or less excited over the event. She hadn't seen her son for some time so was naturally very happy.

The next few days were spent in renewed exploration of the old farm and its surroundings. Bob enjoyed every moment at "home."

One morning he was going to get

the mail at the postoffice. On his way he met a red haired girl about his own age, walking along.

"Well, well, if it isn't Mary!" ejaculated Bob. "How are you?" Mary blushed as she thought of the time she had cried in school because the teacher had made her sit next to Bob and he insisted upon calling her "Carrot Top." "Hello, Robert," she replied, "I am pretty well, thank you." They talked for some time about what had happened during one another's absence. After conversing for half an hour Bob remembered his mother waiting for the mail, so he said, "Good bye, Mary. Don't forget you are going with me on the sleigh party tonight. I'll be up at the house at eight."

When Bob got home he hustled around, keeping a good watch of the large clock in the kitchen. At quarter of eight he left the house and climbed the hill to Mary's house.

Reaching the house he heard the sound of the sleigh bells so quickly ran up the shovelled path and knocked on the door. Mary was all ready and looked very pretty that night. They had a jolly good time at the sleigh party. Bob was just about to say Good Night to her when he heard someone say, "Say, Bob, lights off in the dormitory at 11." Bob sat up in the chair and rubbed his eyes.

He thought to himself, "Why didn't I work harder in school so that I could go home during my Christmas vacation to see Mary?" Before going to bed that night Bob wrote a long letter to Mary, wishing her a Merry Christmas and then went to sleep relieved.

A. G., '24.

The Company We Keep.

Being a reporter for the "New Orleans Times Democrat," John Jones was assigned to write up a story of Ned Gaylord, a young man who was to pay the penalty with his life for a crime of which he declared his innocence.

He had formed one of a group of tough young men, and through circumstantial evidence was convicted for murder of a man who had incurred anger of this rough gang by furnishing evidence of a theft.

The day of the convicted man's death fell upon a bright morning. As he climbed the stairs which led to the gallows his face was calm and his step firm. A hush fell upon the crowd. Gazing upon the crowd that always assembled to witness a hanging (for many came before daylight to get a good place to view this terrible spectacle), and raising his hand pleadingly he said, "Young boys, it is to you I make my last plea. Look upon me and always remember it is the company I kept that brought me here. Shun evil companions and avoid crooked ways. With my last breath I declare my innocence and pray God to send some omen to prove to you the truth of my words, and I will not have died in vain if some that are here today are drawn back to a cleaner living." He bowed his head and the hangman placed the noose around his neck and the black cloth over his head. (This being to obscure the agony of death). As the gallows fell and his body shot through the trap opening, for the space of two seconds, the sun disappeared and the sky darkened and many of the people of Mobile took this as a sign of his innocence.

Fifteen years later a man lay dying in a small town in California. Receiving the last rites of his church he confessed to the murder for which Ned Gaylord had been hanged, by saying he had held a hatred in his heart for William Pickett (the murdered man) through the three years he had spent in the Atlanta Penitentiary for the theft. Upon his release he had returned immediately to Mobile with the intention of giving Mr. Pickett a severe beating but lost control of his temper and struck

him too hard.

T. M. R., '24.

The Duties of an American.

America gives her citizens more than any other country in the world and she expects more from them. That is a general rule of life. You cannot get something for nothing in the world, either in government or in anything else.

The five great duties that every American must do for his country are these:

1. Vote.
2. Pay taxes.
3. Do jury duty.
4. Fight.
5. Obey the laws.

The Vote: The first duty of every American over twenty-one is to vote. The actual voting takes only a few minutes on election day, which comes the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. But the duty is much more than that. One must vote wisely, and that means that one must read the newspapers and keep track of what is going on. One must discuss it with all of one's friends and neighbors. One must attend political meetings and hear the candidates, that is the men running for office, tell what they intend to do. It takes a person with a keen and wide awake mind who can read and talk English to vote intelligently.

Moreover, voting is more than just the few minutes' work once a year. In order to vote one must first register, which means going on a certain day and putting your name down on the voting list.

Taxes: A tax is exactly like a collection or offering in church or the sum you pay when every member of your team chips in to buy a new ball or bat. Government costs much. Your President, your judges, your legislators, your firemen, your policemen, must be paid for. Your streets must be paved, your street lamps lit, and your public schools run. All this

runs up to a tremendous sum as you can imagine. But it is divided among everybody and nobody has to pay a very large sum, except the very rich.

Taxes are not easy or pleasant to pay. In war time when there is a great army to feed and equip and a great navy to build and supply taxes are a heavy burden. But every loyal American puts his share fairly and gladly, for he knows that without an army and navy we should be conquered and lose all the blessings America gives us. The man who tries to dodge his tax does not deserve to be an American.

Jury Duty: We know that trial by jury was one of the great blessings of American liberty. Now you cannot have juries without men to serve on them. Therefore every American must take his turn when the Court summonses him to act as a juror. It means the loss of some time from business or work, but that is part of the price we gladly pay for the benefit of safe, fair and humane trials.

Fighting: The duty of every American to fight for his country when she is in peril is as old as the nations. Our country with all its wonderful liberties was born of heroic fighting. Without the glorious courage of the Revolution the years of hard bitter fighting against heavy odds, there would be no America today. In 1812 and again in 1861 the nation was preserved from destruction by the sword. In 1917 we entered the great war, "to make the world safe for Democracy," as President Wilson declared. Our ships had been torpedoed at sea and our citizens drowned. The German threat of conquest was arrived not only against Belgium, France, Italy, Russia, and England, but against the United States; also every other free people. Once more we had to fight for the liberties of the world as well.

Conscription, the call of every fighting man to the colors, was a magnificent success in America because this duty of the citizens was

universally felt. There was practically no opposition, no holding back. All America went to war gladly to defend those liberties which are more precious than life itself.

Obey the Laws: Boys and girls with the right idea of sport and fair play do not try to cheat their opponents. Whether the umpire is looking or not they play fair. They feel that it is dishonorable to win by cheating. They feel that a game, if played by cheats is about as unpleasant as a game can be.

Therefore, every American is in honor bound to obey the laws. Arrest and punishments may or may not be around the corner if he breaks the laws. But the Good American obeys the law because that is his duty.

D. C., '26.

The Turkey's Complaint.

"Turkey! Turkey! what's the matter?
Every day you're getting fatter!"
Said our Albert, gazing hard
At the turkey in the yard.

"Ah," replied the turkey, blinking,
"Albert, I am sadly thinking,
Men give thanks I well remember
The last Thursday in November."

And if I'm not fat and tender,
How can they their praises render?
And I can but drop a tear,
When I think that day so near."

Then the turkey with his claw
Wiped a tear from either jaw,
And with a sigh that seemed deep
drawn
Turned, and went to eating corn.

R. M. H., '27.

R A D I O

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AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

Herman getting the ball.

(H. B., in the grand stand):—

“Hold her, Hammy, I’ll tell the
world you know how!”

Miss D.—“If a farmer sold 4,000
bushel of corn at \$1.20 per bushel,
what would he get?”

Bright Freshman:—“An automo-
bile.”

BRIGHT, ATTRACTIVE HOMES

Do you realize how electricity can improve your home?

It turns houses into homes. Gives greater convenience and real comfort. Its soft, pleasing effects further enhance the decorations and furnishings of a room. At the snap of the button you have instant light.

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Frank T. White

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Cut Flowers

Tel. Connection, HOLBROOK

Funeral

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E. L. BURTON
Registered Pharmacist

TO THE CLASS OF 1927

Already to win, already to joke,
 Already to laugh, already to smoke,
 Already to die for Sumner High—
 That's the spirit to get them by.

Already to lend a helping hand
 To those in need in every strand,
 Already to give, but never take—
 Each heart is as clear as a big blue lake.

Some are slow; some are fast;
 Others are lost in a lonesome cast.
 Silver and green, their colors high,
 Lift them upward to the sky.

May their motto carry them far,
 "May Knowledge Increase" with every
 star.
 So here's a prayer to God in heaven,
 May He always be just to the class
 of "1927."

Hazel Tibbetts, '29.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

On November 15, 1926 the Junior Class held their first meeting. After the noise and jabber had ceased, or partly stopped, we started in on the business of the day, which was to elect officers for the coming year. After a little debating the following were chosen: President, Arthur Therrian; vice-president, Helen Gray; secretary, Lindsay Hiltz; treasurer, Herbert Reckards.

The meeting was then adjourned and there was a grand rush for the door.

The second meeting was held on November 22, 1926. The business of this meeting was to elect a new secretary and a new treasurer as Herbert and Lindsay had handed in their resignations which were accepted. We believe Herbert thought that he was "hogging" the office of treasurer as he had held it for four years, and we suspect that Lindsay was afraid of becoming too popular. Marion Hill was elected secretary and Robert Jardine, treasurer.

On November thirtieth we assembled for the third time. The question of dues arose. Someone suggested raising the dues to twenty-five cents a month, but this was voted down and it was decided to let the dues remain at twenty cents a month. There was considerable talk concerning the matter of paying last year's dues. A committee was chosen to select the class rings. The following: Katherine McCool, Marion Hill and Herbert Reckards have been interviewing salesmen and have at last selected the design which they deem worthy to grace the hands of the high and esteemed Juniors.

Katherine McCool,

Junior Class Representative.

JUNIOR CLASS ALPHABET

J—is for Jessie so prim and so neat,
 Who to the teachers is always so sweet.

U—is for something we have all learned to
 dread,
 Do not, through study or class, lightly tread.

N—is for Neal, a teacher you know,
 To his questions ne'er say, "I do not know."

I—is for Ingrid, a blonde, you all see,
 Who is very smart, and never gets "D."

O—is for "Oh! I forgot my home lesson,"
 And the teacher's reply, "All right, after-
 noon session."

R—is for Robert, class treasurer is he,
 Who is often heard saying, "Pay your dues
 please."

C—is for Cora, who sometimes in class,
 Is a too talkative, humorous lass.

L—is for Lindsay, a cute little boy,
 Who with the girls is always so coy.

A—is for Arthur, class president he
 When the girls look at him, a blush you will
 see.

S—is for Sears, Maybelle she's called,
 Who for the boys, prinks, curls, and dolls.

S—is for Sumner, the school we all claim.
 I hope we will always live up to its name.
 Katherine McCool, '28.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

Election of Class Officers

On November 10th the Sophomore Class held a meeting and elected the following class officers: President, Adelaide Hadfield; vice president, Basile Martin; treasurer, Marjorie Meara; secretary, Louise Hutchins.

The Sophomore class colors are gold and blue.

FRESHMEN INITIATION

The freshmen initiation was held December 17, 1926, at 7.30 o'clock. After the freshmen were properly initiated, refreshments were served and games played. The committee in charge of the initiation were: Louise Hutchins, Marjorie Meara, Miriam West, Alma Cummins, Alfred Saunders, Francis Smith, Archie Perrault.

Frederick Crosby,

Sophomore Class Representative.

FRESHMAN NOTES

We Freshies, who number 58 (22 in the College Division and 36 in the Commercial) have had but two class meetings. At the first one we elected our officers, which are as follows: President, Marion Wilbur; vice-president, Christine Callahan; secretary, Dorothea Loeffler; treasurer, Wallace Dana.

Wallace Dana was our treasurer in the seventh grade also.

At the second meeting we decided to pay ten cents (10c) a month for dues.

Division C and B are planning to give a short humorous play called "A Woman's Wont" at the Big Echo Meeting, January nineteenth. We hope that none of the players will get stage struck.

The Freshman initiation, which was "pulled" off Friday by the Sophomores, was a success. We all had a good time, and wish to thank the Sophomores for the fun we had. We got the most thrills in Mr. Neal's room, where we found the shock-giver.

A GHOST STORY

It was a dark, gloomy night in November. John Carson was escorting Ethel Jane home from a 'quilting bee'. Part of the journey lay over a so-called 'haunted bridge'. When almost in the middle of it, John heard a weird, unearthly noise. Cold shivers ran up and down his spine.

After several efforts he managed to say, in a husky voice, "Did you hear anything?"

"No," replied Ethel Jane, "only the wind."

John was partly reassured until again he heard that hollow, ghostly sound come out of the darkness.

"I think you had better walk a little faster," he stuttered. "It's rather cold and you'd better hurry."

Upon reaching Ethel Jane's house he bade her a hasty good-night and departed. He hurried to the town and there he met several young men who, upon being told of the noise, were willing to go back and investigate.

When they reached the bridge, John halted and told them to be quiet for a few minutes.

After several seconds a weird noise was heard. It came from the direction of a vegetable field near the bridge. Following the sound, they climbed the fence and saw—a poor, harmless calf with a turnip caught in its throat.

Reta Walls, '28.

ALUMNI NOTES

Of the class of 1926, nine have entered higher institutions of learning. We consider that an excellent showing for a class of thirty. John Kearns entered Brown; Frank White, Amherst Agricultural College; Wesley Paine, Boston University; and Alice Hickey and Ethel Mayers, Bridgewater Normal.

The technical schools of Wentworth and Northeastern University have taken in Robert Leonard, John Greenhatch, and Bertil Johnson. In Brockton Business College Burdett Business College and Bryant & Stratton Business College are found Beatrice Odom, Winthrop Roberts and Ethel Harris respectively.

Dorothy Ferguson, Helen Boardman, Lillian Lakewitz and Blanche Hadfield represent the Commercial Division of the class as stenographers in offices in Boston.

1925

Elton Briel is at Harvard; Roy Johnson, at Brown; Alfred Therrien, at Northeastern; and Thelma Peterson, at Bridgewater Normal School.

1924

Dorothy Hayden, Radcliffe College; Edith Leach, Boston Art School; Ellis Johnson, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Rita Breil, Teaching in Brockton..

1923

Margaret Dalton, Boston University; Shirley Stevens, Brown University; Rutger Peterson, Northeastern University; Irma Faxon, Nurse; Marie Briel, Teaching in Whitman.

EXCHANGES

THE PERISCOPE, Bridgewater:

Your jokes were fine. Why not have a few more poems?

THE MENATOMY BEACON, Arlington:

Your literature and editorials were interesting. Your athletic section was small.

THE RED AND BLACK, Whitman:

You did well on ads. Why haven't you a foreign department?

THE UNIQUITY ECHO, Milton:

An interesting paper. How about more editorials?

THE STUDENTS' PEN, East Bridgewater:

Where are your jokes? Wouldn't a foreign department improve your paper?

THE WESTERN STAR, West Somerville:

A good paper all around. Your editorials were interesting.

THE SOUTHERN BELL, Somerville.

Your fiction was fine. Your paper shows work on the part of everyone.

Foreign

JEAN ET BETTINA

Jean est le hero dans l'histoire de l'Abbe Constantin, et Bettina est la heroine. Jean n'a pas ni pere ni mere. Il etait le fils du medecin de campagne. Son pere est mort dans la guerre. Puis sa mere est mort de fievre. Il est maintenant le lieutenant au neuvieme regiment d'artillerie et il demeure au garnison de Souvigny. Jean etait un grand cavalier robuste et solide. Il etait aussi un homme de bonte, de courage, et de droiture.

D'ailleurs, Bettina n'en a pas, mais elle demeure chez sa soeur, qui est tres riche et qui vient d'acheter la domaine de Longueval. Bettina a toujours ete une petite coquette bien qu'elle ait un bon coeur. Elle a une maniere serieuse et reflechie sous ses airs evaporis.

L'Abbe Constantin est le parrain de Jean, et qui est le bon, vieil pretre qui aide aux pauvres. Autrefois le pretre avait recu beaucoup d'argent tous les ans de la maitresse de Longueval. Maintenant, quand il y avait etre une nouvelle maitresse a Longueval, il n'a pas su s'il recevrait de l'argent pour ses pauvres ou s'il n'en recevrait pas. Mais il en recu. Il a recu trois mille francs d'elles.

Jean et Bettina aiment l'un l'autre mais Jean ne se croit pas digne d'elle parce qu'elle a tant d'argent.

Ingrid Rosenquist, '28.

LE PRINTEMPS

Quand le soleil brille
Et il fait beau temps,
Est-ce la saison pour le chagrin?
Non, je pense que non.

Le printemps est le plus beau
De tous les autres temps.
Il y a les arbres et les fleurs
Les montagnes, les champs.

Que pensez-vous de ce temps?
Le bel printemps, l'aimez-vous?
Il faut que vous soyez heureux
Quand ce temps est venu.

Alma Cummings, '29.

ATTENTION, MES ENFANTS.

Sans doute il y a beaucoup de gens dans cette ecole qui ne savent pas qu'il y a une telle chose comme une classe de francais 4. Eh, bien, nous vous donnerons une grande surprise quand l'edition prochaine de l'Echo se publiera. Attendez notre page.

(Par une de cette classe.)

JEAN VALJEAN

Jean Valjean fut le fils de pauvres parents. Quand il etait un jeune homme, il etait emondeur. Son pere a sa mere furent morts quand il etait tres jeune. Sa soeur qui etait plus agee qui lui avait sept enfants. Elle avait eleve Jean Valjean. Son mari est mort et Jean Valjean le remplaça.

Souvent les enfants avaient faim. Quelquefois ils allaient emprunter une pinte de lait, au nom de leur mere, a une femme, Jean Valjean paya la pinte de lait, et les enfants n'etaient pas punis.

Un hiver il n'y avait pas de pain dans la maison et il y avait sept enfants affames. Un dimanche Jean Valjean volait du pain d'une boutique. On le condamna a cinq ans de galeres. Ceci se passait en 1796.

On lui parla seulement une fois de sa soeur quand il etait en prisonne. On lui dit qu'elle travaillait et qu'il y avait seulement un fils de sept enfants qui reste.

Il essaya trois fois a s'evader. Chaque fois on ajouta quelques annees. En octobre 1815, il fut libere. Il ne trouva jamais sa soeur.

Alma Cummings, '29.

Jean: Monsieur, je desire me marier a votre fille.

Pere: Absolument, Non!

Jean: Pourquoi, qu'est-ce qu'elle a?

* * * *

Pauvre Pere: Pourquoi est-ce que M. Briand est un charpentier?

Pauvre petite fille: Pourquoi?

Pauvre Pere: Parce qu'il fait des cabinets.

Dorothy Clark, '27.

BELLUM

Galli ad proelium cum multis militibus promoverant. Magnae naves in mari cum multis nautis navigaverunt. Multa tela ab terrae copis igni in via vastabantur et magni agri deleti sunt. Imperator cum copis murum hostium oppugnavit. Hostes cum decima legione Gallos superabant. Galli in castra properaverunt nam nom victores fuerunt.

Stanley White, '30.

MARCUS NUNTIUS

Marcus amicus Caesaris erat. Media nocte mittebatur ab Caesare ut moneret populos. Caesar audiverat Germanos transire Rhenum ut appugnarent Romanos populos. Germani feri, audaces, barbari, viri erant. Marcus vocavit populos qui reperirent quid facerent et quos fines peterent. Postea dixit eos brevi tempore vincendos esse.

E. Rosenquist, '29.

Client: Quand vous m'avez vendu ce medicine, vous me disiez qu'il me querirait dans une nuit.

Pharmacien: Bien! Mais on ne dit pas quelle nuit sur la bouteille, Monsieur.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Ingrid Rosenquist—Answering back?
 Arthur Therrien—Being stupid?
 Cora Johnson—With a hat?
 Kay McCool—Without May?
 Constance Brown—Being bold?
 Dot Huskins—With her hair parted in the middle?
 Anna Saunders—With a barrette?
 Beth Fulton—With a pencil for short-hand?
 Bob Jardine—Being rude?
 Bob White—Very noisy?
 "Smitty"—As a stenographer?
 "Tiny" Gray—Hurrying?
 Phroso George—As a public speaker?
 Jessie Beers—Without her lessons?
 Mary Michaels—Arguing?
 Barker Austin—With his Algebra done?
 Hazel McKay—As tall as Brud?
 Lindsay Hiltz—With a girl?
 Marion Hill—Without a smile?
 Thomas Ahcarn—Anything but a shiek?
 Mim. West—Very serious?

Maybelle Sears, '28.

MARCUS

Agricola in Gallio habebat filium nomine Marcum Cum esset decem annis senex, conscribebat in exercitu. Marcus invit ad bellum est pugnaret dum in Helvetios proclio fiebat amicus divitissimi imperatoris. Hic imperator dabat partem suae fortunae Marco. Hoc tempore pater Marci erat maximus natu et ita ivit donum ut provideret suo patri et erant felices.

Louise Hutchins, Latin '29.

La mere: Ma chere, un grand medicin dit que les femmes ont besoin de plus de sommeil que les hommes.

La femme: Eh, Bien!

La mere: Oui, ma chere, par couequant-peut-etre il voudroit mieux si vous ne m'attendiez pas ce soir.

* * * *

Jeanne: Quandnous nous marierons, je devrais avoir vingt domestiques.

Jean: Vous eu aurez vingt, ma chere; ma's aux temps differents.

* * * *

Chauffeur: Bougez-vous! Faites venir le medicin.

Paysan: C'est lui que vous avez parcourn.

* * * *

Steamship Ticket Agent: "Where to?"

Senior: "New York."

S. T. A.: "What class?"

Senior: "Sumner High School, '27."

Why They Flunked

"Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else."

Oceanica is that continent which contains no land."

"In India, a man out of a cask may not marry a woman out of another cask."

"Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them."

"Gravitation is that which, if there were none, we should all fly away."

"Louis Sixteenth was gelatined during the French Revolution."

"Horse power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour."

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Brockton

Miss B.—“A fine typist you’ll make. Call yourself a typist and you can’t even put a ribbon in a type-writer.”

A. Mc—“Well, can Paderewski tune a piano?”

Mr. N.—“What is a waffle?”

Freshman—“A pancake with cleats.”

R. Z.—“What were you doing this summer?”

Tweet—“Worked in my father’s office.”

Roger—“I wasn’t working either.”

Editor (to Freshman author)—
“So this is your stuff, is it? What do you mean by saying the man ‘jumped for joy’ and then, that his ‘de’light knew no bounds’?”

Mrs. Moore brought her little boy to school on opening day and said to the teacher: “Little Bennie is so delicate. If he is bad—and sometimes he is—just whip the boy next to him that will frighten him and make him behave.”

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School Notes



Football, Basketball, and Indoor Athletics

It has been a long time since Sumner has had a basketball team, and though it will probably be a while longer before we have one in inter-scholastic contests, yet we have made a start and Mr. Neal is in hopes of forming a team next season. We have already had a number of inter-class games but what we really ought to have is an honest-to-goodness school team.

As for football, not yet but soon. After Bunny and Hammy had chosen their teams they indulged in several scrimmages (the teams, not Bunny and Hammy), and egged on by Mr. Neal they certainly had a hot old time, resulting in a variety of casualties, such as black eyes, bloody noses, sprained ankles, etc., not even Hammie (revised spelling) escaping. Incidentally he made a dislocated elbow serve as an excuse to escape the algebra he hadn't prepared. Nevertheless, it's a great game and we'll have a real team yet.

By the way, we'll be starting indoor athletics as soon as it's too cold to work outdoors, so get ready, boys. Not the least of these are the exhibitors of amateur boxing (no ladies admitted), which ought to provide a safe outlet for old enmities (Greeny and Bart take notice) also R. B.).

According to the latest reports, we have a pretty good chance of getting a hall for basketball practice and if these plans are matured, the basketball team will probably be formed this winter. It goes to show Sumner is coming back.

Junior High Athletics

Four teams have been formed. Two are made up of girls, and two of boys. The captains of the teams are Van Michaels, Walter Long, Cora Johnson and Dorothy Franz.

	Games Won	Games Lost
Van's team	2	3
Walter's team	3	2
Cora's team	4	2
Dorothy's team	2	4

Social Activities

A very successful Hallowe'en party was held in the school on Friday, November 2, 1923. The committee who arranged this party were Katherine McCool, Arthur Therrien and Jules Waldman of the eighth grade; and Dorothy Field, Quaife Dann and Pierre Morand of the seventh.

Grade 7

President—Pierre Morand
Vice-President—George Sears
Secretary—Thomas Ahern
Treasurer—Adelaide Hadfield

Heard in the class room:—
Teacher—"What is an improper fraction?"

Pupil—"An improper fraction is one that is indecent or unfit."

Grade 8

President—Arthur Therrien
Vice-President—Robert Jardine
Secretary—Helen Gray
Treasurer—Herbert Reckards
Class colors:—Blue and Gold.
Class motto:—Knowledge is Power.